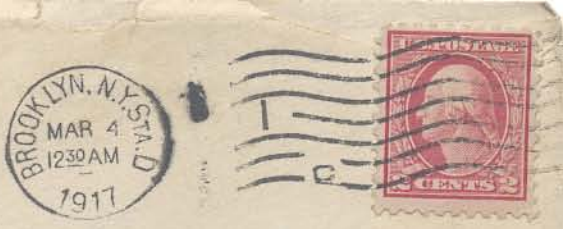

Joseph M. Freedman, Atty,
Lyceum Theatre Bld.
Memphis Tenn.

(3)

March 3 - 1917.

Dearest Joe: —

My head is in a whirl — and of this letter is more like a book of riddles — you'll overlook it, won't you, Joe? I'll do better next time. For to-day you are writing a letter to me — and when I shall be enjoying yours. I want you too, dearest, to have the same pleasure. This has been the lonesomest, wearisome discouraging, exhausting and blurest week I ever remember enduring. You know why it is lonesome — and

and you would scream to know how important a personage I am — all because I happen to be a young lady pharmacist — a positive curiosity. I'll tell you things from the beginning so you'll know what I am talking about. To begin with — Mr. Swallow, the man I am under and work with is a lovely gray haired handsome with the kindest mannerisms imaginable. I open the dispensary at 9 and twice this week closed at 4.30 (Monday and Tuesday were the only real hard days). 4.30 is almost Lawyers hours, aren't they Joe? I have luncheon and supper here, but am so lazy to leave so early to

Monday and Tuesday found me the most regretful girl in the world. Gosh! how sorry I was that I had left Mrs. Maas! I felt as happy as a poor forgotten homeless waif. Realize, on Monday I put up 100 Prescriptions and on Tuesday 150. My feet, I thought were paralized — and "Back to Mrs. Maas I was going" was all that I could think of to console me — except (this is no conceit) that I was told that I had done better these days than any man that preceded me had done at the end of 6 months (this is no flatter either, Joe, because I then is at the expense of my feet.

breakfast here. The first half of my lunch hour I spend in the nurses ~~Hall~~ which is the most elaborately furnished place imaginable. Softly upholstered furniture - library - desks for writing, rockers, cozy corners - and electric lights to switch up everywhere and anywhere, wherever you can place your hands. The walls are made of panelled mirrors all the wood being white. Here I spend half of my lunch hour buried deep - the soft cushions embroidering a set for our dining room. The set is really beautiful Joe, and every time I put a stitch - it I am thinking of you - picturing

how it will look, how you will look, how I will look and a million other such thoughts. Now that I know most of the people I do really enjoy the work and hardly think I shall return to Mrs. Haas, although I told her I should let her know definately next week. Mr. Swallow has really taken quite a fancy to me and explains many things to help me and even goes so far as to see that I get all that is coming to me - it not more. He does the manufacturing while I do the dispensing. The only thing he says worries him is that before he knows it I shall be going off to be married. I laughed and told him I noticed he was guilty of the same offence

first lady pharmacist employed there. Everyone remarks how well I am getting along, so I guess it must be so. Now I will tell you its faults. I must work every other Sunday morning until 12 - have luncheon, then I am through. They do not even it up by allowing me a morning off during the week either, and fight as hard as I have I suppose I shall have to do it. Mr. Sparlow tells me not to work hard on this day (we have to relieve in the Hosp. the dispensary is closed) because he fears they may ask to have me transferred to the Hosp. where himself - but he replies - not at the expense of my position - he didn't leave this." I could only tell him not to worry on that score - which I did. He tells all the physicians and the Bellevue pharmacists to keep away - I am engaged - that this is strictly business - no visitors allowed! Fun! He has every guessing now as to whether I am married, single, engaged or divorced. Naturally everyone is curious to know how a young lady can handle that work for this is the busiest dispensary in the city - and ahem! I have the honor of being the

I was originally supposed to be
as you know Joe, of all the people
that I have met there, doctors,
prof. surgeons and all - there's not
one of them that comes within
1/000000000000000000000000000000000000
ete. as nice as you. (This is almost as
big as the number which represent
how much I love you, isn't it?)

Will you look at all the
paper I have wasted chattering
about myself and my "got"?
when what is uppermost in my
mind is - How are you feeling -
how is your cold? - my letter?
Yes, please Joe, take care of it.
Remember! And how did you
find things when you returned

What did your potatoes say,
and how do you like your new office
and how — oh dear, I wish I
could talk to you! I haven't the
patience to wait to hear from
Saturdays letter. Did you put
my picture in your watch and
what did your room-mate say?
about forget to answer all my ques-
tions especially as to how you
feel and exactly the condition
of your cold. Write anything
you chose to on the picture
but don't forget to send it, soon.

Yes, Joe you certainly
are keeping your promise to
write, yet you don't know how

every evening – do they relieve it to you?

Your stationery is beautiful but how did you get it so quickly! I can not realize that I shall have to write all these questions and wait most a week for an answer.

Forgive all errors as I wrote just as quickly as I could make my arm move.

Good-night again, sweetheart.

happy I am to receive it. As for missing you, I felt so blue – well, to blue to write. To-days rubbish will make up for my barrenness.

Expect to see Rose to-morrow afternoon – But no Joe. ~~[illegible]~~! I had better stop now, or I have the blues for the rest of the evening. Nell has called me to go to the movies so I shall run along. Oceans of love and millions of kiss from Frances.

PS. I send you a good night kiss